

PLEASANT HISTORY of the Miller of Mansfield.

in Sherwood, and Henry the second,
King of England, XV

Shewing how the King was lodged in the Mil-
lers House, and the mirth and Sports
• he had there.



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THE
MILLER AND
the KING.

How the King was be-nighted in Sher-
wood, and lost h's Nobles and his mee-
ting with the Miller.



Henry our Royall King,
would ride a hunting,
To the greene Forrest,
so pleasant and faire,
To have the Hart chased
and dainty Does tripping.

Unto merry Sherwood,
his nobles repaire,
Hawke and Hound was unbound,
all things prepar'd,
For the same to the game,
with good regard,
All a long Summers day,
rode the King pleasantly,
With all his Princes,
and nobles each one,

Chasing the Hart and Hind,
and the Buck gallantly,
Till the darke Evening,
enforc'd him to turne home.
Then at last riding fast,
he had lost quite,
All his Hozds in the Wood
late in darke night,
Wandring thus warily,
all alone up and downe,
With a rude Miller,
he met at the last,
Asking the ready way,
unto faiste Nottingham,
Sir (quoth the Miller)
your way you have lost:
Yet I thinke what I thinke,
truth for to say,
You doe not likely,
goe out of your way,
Why what dost thou think of me,
quoth the King merrily,
Passing thy judgment,
upon me so brieft,
God saith (quoth the Miller)
I meane not to flatter thee,
I ghesse thee to be,
but some Gentleman Thiefe,
Stand

Stand thee back in the darke,
 light thee not downe,
 Lest that I presently,
 knock thy knaves crowne,
 Thou dost abuse me much,
 (quoth the King) saying thus,
 I am a Gentleman,
 and lodging I lack,
 Thou hast not (quoth the Miller
 one groat in thy Purse,
 All thine inheritance,
 hangs one they back,
 I have gold to discharge,
 all that I call
 If it be forty pence,
 I will pay all,
 If thou best a true man,
 (then said the Miller)
 I sware by my Tole-dish,
 He lodge thee all night,
 Here's my hand (quoth our King)
 that was I ever,
 Nay soft (quoth the Miller)
 thou mayst be a spright,
 Better He know thee,
 ere hands I well shake,
 With none but honest men,
 hands I will take,



How the Miller brought the King
home to *Ginny* his wif., and
his Sonne Richard.

Thus they went all a'long,
unto the Millers house,
Where they were seething,
of Puddings and Souse,
The Miller first entered in,
then after him the King,
Never came he in,
so smoaky a house,
Now (quoth he) let me see,
here what you are,
Quoth our King looke your fill,
and doe not spare,

I like wel thy countenance,
thou hast an honest face,
With my sonne Richard,
this night you shall lie,
Quoth his wife by my troth,
it is a handsome youth,
yet it's best husband
for to deale warfly,
Art not a run away,
I prethee youth tell,
shew me thy Pasport,
and all shalbe wel;
Then our thing presently,
making low courtesie,
With his hat in his hand,
thus he did say,
I have no Pasport,
nor never was serbitor,
But a poore Courtier,
rode out of my way,
And for your kindnesse;
here offered to me:
I will requite it,
in every degree:
Then to the Miller
his wife whisper'd secretly.
Saying it seemeth,
this youth's of good kin:

Both by his Apparell,
and eke by his Manners,
To turne him out certainly,
it were a great sinne:
Yes (quoth he) you may see,
he hath some grace,
When he doth speake,
to his betters in place,
Well (quoth the Millers Wife)
you a man welcome here,
And though I say it,
weil lodg'd thou shalt be,
Fresh straw I will have,
laid on your bed so brave,
Odd browne hempton sheetes,
likewise (quoth shee)
I (quoth the good man)
and when that is done,
You shal lye with no worse,
then our owne sonne,
Nay first (quoth Richard)
good fellow tell me true,
Hast any Creepers,
within thy gay Hose,
Or art thou not troubled,
with the Scabbado,
I pray (quoth the King)
what things are those.

Art thou not lowlye,
or scabbed (quoth he)
If thou beest,
surely thou ly'st not with me,

How the King, the Miller, *Ginny* his
Wife and their Sonne *Richard*
sup'd together, and how the
King lay with the Mil-
lers Sonne.

This caused the King suddenly
to laugh most heartily,
Till the teares trickled,
downe from his eyes,
Then to their supper,
were they set orderly,
With a hot Bag Pudding
and good Apple Pies,
Pappie Ale good and stale
in a browne Bole
Which did about the Boord
merrily trowle,
Here (quoth the Miller)
good fellow I drinke to thee,
And all the Courtfolks,
where ever they be,
Ile pledge you (quoth our King)
and thanks you heartily,

For your good welcome,
in every degree,
And here in like manner,
I drinke to your Sonne,
Doe so quoth Richard,
but quick let it come,
Wife quoth the Miller,
fetch me forth Light-foot,
That we of his sweetnesse,
a little may taste,
A faire Wenison Pasty,
then brought he forth presently,
Eat quoth the Miller)
but sir make no waste.
Here's dainty Light-foot,
in faith then said our King,
I never before,
eat of so dainty a thing.
This (said Richard)
no Dainties at all it is,
For we doe eat of it,
every day,
In what place said our King)
may be bought like to this,
We never pay penny,
for it by my say.
From merry Sherwood,
we set it home hers,

How

Now and then we make vowe,
with our Kings Déepe,
Then I thinke (said our King)
that it is Venison,
Each fole (said Richard)
full well may see that:
Never are we without,
two or thrée in the roste,
Very well fleshed,
any wondrous fat:
But prethée say nothing,
where erre thou doe goe,
We would not for two pence,
the King should it know,
Doubt not then (said our King)
my promis'd secreesse,
The King shall never know,
more on't for me,
A cup of Lambs wolle,
they drank unto him then:
And to there beds
they past presently.
The Nobles next morning:
went all up and downe:
For to seeke out the King;
in every Towne:

How



How the Noble and his followers
 fought the King and found him
 at the Millers house.

A Last at the Millers house,
 Some they espied him plain
 As he was mounting,
 upon his faire Steed:

To whome they came presently,
falling downe on their knees,
Which made the Millers heart,
wofully bléed,
Shaking and quaking,
before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been,
hang'd by the Rood.
The King perceiuing him,
fearefull and trembling,
Drew forth his Sword.
but nothing he said,
The Miller downe did fall,
crying before themall,
Doubting the King would hate,
cut off his head.
But his kind curtesie,
there to requite,
Gave him a Libing,
and dubb'd him a Knight.
When as our Noble King,
came home from Nottingham,
And with his Nobles,
in Westminster lay.
Recounting the Sports,
and Pastime they had tane,
In this his Progresse
along by the way,

The Miller and the King.
Of them all great and small,
this did he protest,
The Miller of Mansfields spot,
I liked him best,
And now my Lords q'd the Kinge
I am determined,
Against Saint Georges next,
sumptuous Feast,
That this old Miller,
our last confirmed Knight,
With his Sonne Richard,
shal both be my guests,
For in this merriment,
'tis my desire,
To talke with the jolly Knight,
and the brave Squire,

How the King sent a Purseuant for
the Miller, Ginny his wife, and
Richard their Sonne.

When as the Noble Lords
saw y^e Kings pleasantnesse
They were right ioyfull,
and glad in there hearts,
A Purseuant there was sent.
straight on the businesse,

The

The which had many times,
 béene in those parts.

When he came to the place,
 where he did dwell;

His message orderly,
 that he did tell,

God save your worship,
 then said the Messenger,
 And greets your Lady,
 her hearts desire,

And to your Sonne Richard,
 good fortune and happinesse

That sweet young Gentleman,
 and gallant young Squire;

Our King he greets you all,
 and thus doth say,

You must come to the Court
 on Saint Georges day,

There fore in any case,
 faile not to be in place,

I wis quoth the Miller,
 this is an odde jest:

What should we do ther he said,
 saith I am halfe fraid:

I doubt(quoth Richard)
 hang'd at the least,

Nay(quoth the Messenger)
 you doe mistake,

Our

Our King prepares,
a great Feast for your sake,
Then said the Miller,
now by my troth Messenger
Thou hast contented,
my worship full well,
Hold her's three farthings,
to quite thy gentlenesse,
For these happy tydings,
which thou dost me tell,
Let me see hear'st thou me,
tell to your King,
Wele wait on his Mastership
in every thing.
The Pursebant smiled
at their simplicitie,
And making many legs,
took their reward,
And taking then his leave,
with great humilitie,
To the Kings Court,
again he repair'd:
Shewing unto his grace,
in each degree,
The Knights most liberal
gift and bountie,
When as he was gone away,
thus did the Miller say,
Here

Here comes expences,
 and charges indeed,
 Now we must needs be brave,
 though we spend all we have,
 For of new Garments,
 we have great need,
 Of Horses and Harbing-men,
 we must have store,
 With Bridels and Saddels,
 and twenty things more,
 Tush sir John (quoth his wife)
 neither doe fret nor frowne;
 Thou shalt be at no more,
 charges for me,
 For I will turne and trim,
 up my old Russet Coloure,
 With every thing,
 as fine as may be;
 And on our Mill Horses
 full swift we will ride,
 With pillows and Pannells
 as we shall provide,
 In this most stately sort,
 rode they unto the Court,
 Their lustie son Richard,
 foremost of all:
 He got up by gods hap,
 a Cocks feather in his Cap,
 And

And so they jetted dowe,
towards the kings Hall
The merry old Miller,
with his hand on his side,
His wife like Paid marrian,
did mince at that tide,

How the King and his Nobles met
the Miller *Ginny* and *Richard*.
and the sport they had at the
Court, and their return home.

The King and his Nobles,
that heard of their comming
Meeting this gallant Knight,
with his brave traine,
Welcome sir Knight (quoth he)
with this your gay Lady,
God sir John Cockle,
once welcome againe,
And so is this Squire.
of courage so free,
Quoth Dick a bots on you,
do you know me,
Quoth our King gently,
how should I forget thee,
Thou wast mine owne bed-fellow
well that I wot,

But

The Milles and the King.

But I thinke on a trick
tell me that prethæ Dick.
How we with farting,
did make the bed hot,
Thou hozson happie knave,
then quoth the Knight
Speak cleanly to our King
or else go Mite,
The King and his Councellozs,
hartily laught at this
While the King toke them,
both by the hand,
With Ladies and their Maids
like to the Quene of Spades,
The Millers wife,
did so orderly stand
A milke maides courtesie,
at every word,
And downe the folkes were late,
at the side board,
Where the King royally,
in Princely Maiestie,
ate at his dinner,
with joy and delight,
When he had eaten well,
to jesting then they fell,
Taking a Bowle of Wine.
Drank to the Knight,

The Miller and the King.
Her's to you both he said,
in Wine Ale and Beere,
Channing you all,
for your Countrey chere,
Quoth Sir John Cockle,
He plege you a pottle,
where it the best Ale,
in Nottinghamshire.
But then said our King)
I doe taink on a thing,
Some of your Light foot,
I would we had here,
Ho ho quoth Richard,
full well may I say it,
Tis knavery to eat it,
and then to be wray it
Why art thou angry,
quoth our King merrily,
In faith I take it,
very unkind,
I thought thou wouldst pledge me,
in Ale and Wine heartily,
We are like to stay quoth Dick,
till I have din'd,
You feed us with twatling,
dishes so small,
Zounds a black Pudding,
is better then all,

I marry quot's our King,
 that weare a dainty thing,
 If a man could git one,
 hot for to eat :
 With that Dick straight arose,
 and pluckt one out of his hose,
 Which with heat of his breach,
 began to sweat,
 The King made proffer,
 to snatch it away,
 'Tis meat for your Master,
 good for you must say,
 Thus with great merriment,
 was the time wholly spent,
 And then the Ladies,
 prepared to dance,
 Old sir John Cockle,
 and Richard incontinent,
 Unto this practice,
 the King did advance :
 Here with the Ladies,
 such sport they did make,
 The Nobles with laughing,
 did make their hearts ake,
 Many thanks for their paines,
 did the King give them then,
 Asking young Richard,
 if he would be woe,

Amongst

The Miller and the King.
Amongst these Ladies free,
tell me which liketh thee,
Naoth he Jagger Grumboll,
with the red head:
She's my Love, she's my life,
he will I wed,
She hath sworne I shall have,
her Maiden-head.
Then sir John Cockle,
the King call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood,
made him over-seer,
And gave him out of hand,
three hundred pounds yearly,
But now take heed you steale,
no more of my Dear,
And once a quarter,
let's here have your view,
And thus sir John Cockle,
I bid you adieu.

FINIS.